

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page Twelve.)
 The hats of the attendants all wore pie-crusts of a curious, beautiful and becoming shade of rich purple, with a lot of red in it, which was variously described as "garnet," "the red," and "deep orchid," and which I won't attempt to classify. They carried orchids tied with blue, the matron of honor wore a blue gown, and the several brilliant colors being selected by an artist, made an amazingly lovely combination.

Many Distinguished Looking Girls Attend Wedding.

As for the girls themselves, I've seen prettier bridal parties, perhaps, but never one made up of more interesting and distinguished looking girls. George Baker St. George, the matron of honor, is smaller than her sister, the bride, but is of much the same magnetic type. Louise Delane, her cousin, is handsome in a dark, distinguished way, and Mrs. Lanier Winslow is quite a lovely blonde. As for the Hoar girls, Frances and Louise, the other two members of the wedding party, I didn't quite know what to answer when some one asked me if they were pretty. And the more I think about it the less sure I am. They are of an unusual type, very slim and straight, with quantities of tightly curled blonde hair; they are very chic, after a style all their own, and they have lots of personality and charm. So, it doesn't really matter much whether they are regularly pretty or not. And they were both actually beautiful on the day of the wedding, wearing their big hats and pretty frocks with dashing grace.

Coming Out Party For Lella Gordon Tomorrow.

Mrs. Gordon Barnett, wife of the major general commandant of the marine corps, who is bringing out her daughter, Lella Gordon, tomorrow, is quite emphatic in stating that it isn't a ball she is giving in the evening, but a small dance, just for Miss Gordon's sister buds, and a little company of young people. The ball will come later in the season. The reception in the afternoon will be, of course, a more general function, and, equally of course, it will be a brilliant and rather original function. All of Mrs. Barnett's parties are. There'll be the Marine Band to play and doubtless there'll be a touch of the military pomp and circumstance which marks any big entertainment given at the Marine Barracks.

Apologies of the marines, I'm reminded of an amusing story on a certain marine officer which is going the rounds. It seems there was an enlisted man's dance being given by his command and he was inspecting the arrangements beforehand to make sure that everything was in order.

Finally he asked the marine who was hovering over the punch bowl what had gone into the brew: "Well, sir," was the reply, "I used oranges and lemons, grape juice, ginger ale and that sort of thing." "Great Scott, man," broke in the officer, "don't put any of that sort of thing in it. Don't you know it's against the regulations?"

Mrs. Barnett Brews Delicious Punches.

Mrs. Barnett, by the way, can brew the most delicious punches, without resorting to "that sort of thing." She always serves one sort or another of strictly "regulation" punch at her days at home and the punch bowl is as popular, particularly with the men, as if the punch were liberally spiked. Perhaps the fact that she always picks out a pretty girl to preside over the punch bowl has something

to do with this phenomenon. Besides Miss Gordon, two other debutantes are to be presented this week. Eleanor Johnston, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Marion Johnston, are giving a tea for her one day and a dance the next, and Nannie Hamilton.

Interest in the Russian Ball to be given at Wardman Park Inn on January 15 for the benefit of the American Refugee at Petrograd, is increasing by leaps and bounds. There's a persistent rumor to the effect that there's a row brewing over the fact that the members of the Russian embassy staff haven't been asked to take any part in the festivities, and this may have something to do with the matter. For Washington does dearly love to have a ringette seat when two factions of society lock horns.

As a matter of fact, this would seem to be a tempest in a teapot, if it may be called a tempest at all. The ball, which gives promise of being a gala event, is being gotten up by a committee, of which Mrs. George Bakhtmeteff, wife of the former Russian ambassador, is the head; and she and the other members of the committee, Mrs. George T. Mayne, Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, Mrs. James McDonald, and Mrs. Fessenden Meserve, are interesting the most prominent people in Washington in the success of the undertaking. True, no move has been made to enlist the assistance of the embassy people and apparently moves in this direction is to be made. But then, one could hardly expect Mrs. Bakhtmeteff, whose husband is of the old regime and was a devoted adherent to the late Czar, to associate herself intimately with the men and women of the new regime, who represent the defunct Kerensky government—if they may be said to represent anything at all. There are some very charming people connected with the Russian embassy here—but oil and water won't mix.

State Department Declines To Interfere, Says Report.

On its face, the ball has no official status, being merely a charity entertainment gotten up by a group of women without official connections for a deserving charity. But the rub lies in the fact that many of the diplomats of other countries have been asked to assist in making the ball a success and the Russians' feelings are a bit hurt. It is said that they have even made unofficial representations to the State Department that something ought to be done, but that the department has declared that the matter was quite outside its jurisdiction.

The American Refugee was founded by a group of American women, with Mrs. Mayne, whose husband was American ambassador to Russia, at its head. Mrs. Meserve was her second in command and became head of the organization when the Mayne's left Russia. Indeed, she is still president of the society, and will resume its active leadership when she and her husband return to Russia, as they expect to do in the not far distant future.

Mrs. Meserve, who is vice president of the national City Bank, is taking up the handling of the European interests of the institution, and expects to sail shortly for Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Meserve. They will make their headquarters in Paris, but expect to spend much time in Russia, where they lived for many years. The most thrilling feature of the ball will be the appearance of six of Chail's most famous dancers, who are coming from New York especially for the occasion, and who will give a performance of Russian dance. This will add no little to the interest of the evening and the scene will gain brilliance from the fact that gorgeous and barbaric head-dresses will be worn by many of the women. However, the committee is anxious to have it known that the wearing of fancy head-dress is not obligatory and that the ball is in no sense a costume ball.

The entertainment is to be given



MRS. JAMES McDONALD,

Who, like Mrs. McLean, is deeply interested in the success of the Russian ball.

under the most distinguished auspices, the list of patronesses including Mrs. Thomas Riley Marshall, Mrs. George Bakhtmeteff, Mrs. George T. Mayne, Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, Mrs. James McDonald, Mrs. Fessenden Meserve, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. E. H. G. Slater, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Mrs. Charles McCawley, Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, Mrs. Peter Goeltz, Mrs. Edson Bradley, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, Mrs. William Belden Noble, Mrs. Henry Rea and Mrs. William Corcoran Hill.

Many prominent people have already taken boxes, among them Mrs. Bakhtmeteff, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Mayne, Mrs. Meserve, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Slater, Countess Giszka, Mrs. Richard Townsend, Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Mrs. W. F. Denegre, Mrs. John Rodgers, Mrs. William A. Slater, Mrs. Hauge, Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Rea, Mrs. Thomas F. Logan, Mrs. Walter Penfield, and Col. Robert M. Thompson.

Dates for balls and dances are being selected weeks ahead, and after the committee for Noel House had announced the date, February 14, for its benefit ball, the discovery was made that it would conflict with another big ball. Consequently the date has been changed to February 21, and the entertainment will be a Washington's Birthday ball. It will be given at Rauscher's, and preparations are being made for one of the prettiest and most original parties of the season.

Noel House, which does an amazingly successful work, has been rather neglected in the press of purely wartime philanthropies, but it is distinctly deserving of support. Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins is president of the board and Mrs. Armistead Peter, Miss Helen Snow Jones, and Mrs. Myron Whitney are among its members.

The Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, which is also to be the beneficiary of a charity ball, one at the Willard on January 22, is another local organization to whose support Washington people should rally with a will. The ball is to be what is dubbed a "welcome home ball," and arrangements are being



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"Snow Baby" Baby Acts As Santa Claus To Himself.

Somewhat, I can't quite get used to the idea of the "Snow Baby" having a baby of her own. He's a bouncing boy, too, and very progressive. Indeed, he has already gone in for private theatricals, although he can't be more than four or five months' old. Trust Marie Peary—big pardon, Mrs. Stafford—for thinking up something original and "different." Who but she would have conceived the idea of letting baby be his own Santa Claus, dressing him up in a wig and a cotton beard—stuck on with condensed milk—bringing him down in state to the Pearys' Christmas tree celebration on Christmas Eve and letting him distribute his own gifts to the family? And who but his mother's son, at his tender age, would have entered into the spirit of the masquerade and had the time of his life? Why, most babies would, have been frightened into spasms!

I ran into Mrs. Stafford at Gertrude Virginia Drain's coming-out tea, the first time I had seen her. I do believe, since the day she was married, and had a nice little chat with her. Emily Chase, daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. George F. Chase, was another person I met that day, and she told me, by the way, that she expects, or rather hopes, to go overseas before long. Several of the Junior League girls are going across to do recreation work under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross. I presume, among the boys of the A. E. F. who are remaining in France more or less permanently, and she hopes to be one of the number. At present she is working with the Red Cross and has a rather important job.

Captain and Mrs. Hay May Make Home in England.

The Drains' tea was ever so pretty, and I had the best kind of a time; but I did miss Doris Drain. Mrs. Edward Hay, who is spending the winter in Washington State, with her small son, Bill, for company. Nothing definite has been heard about when her husband, Captain Hay, U. S. A., who is in France, is due to return. Indeed, some one told me that he had had several rather flattering offers from English firms and was thinking seriously of settling down in England when he is released from the service. In that case, of course, Doris and the baby would join him there. She has lived in England before, and loves it, so I really believe she'll be pleased to have things turn out this way.

Although every day brings its imposing quota of young men back from France, there's a long list of Wash-

ington babies who have still to look forward to the thrill of meeting their fathers. Mrs. Paul R. Frank, wife of Captain Frank, and daughter of Gen. Peyton C. March, chief of staff, U. S. A., has gone to Newport News to meet her husband, who is due back any day now; but her sister, Mrs. John Milliken, has so far had no definite news of the date of her husband's return. And it is Mrs. Milliken who promoted General March to the rank of grandfather and who has a stalwart young son to present to his daddy when he comes marching home. I don't believe I've heard the baby's name, but I'll wager that it's either John Milliken or Peyton March Milliken; and I'll wager further that if there be anything in heredity the young man in question is destined for the service.

It's a Girl, Captain and Mrs. Sterling's Christmas Present.

Another youngster, this time a girl with army traditions back of her, is the small daughter born to Captain and Mrs. Sterling just before Christmas. Mrs. Sterling was formerly Miss Mary Louise McNair, daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William S. McNair and granddaughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Ramsey D. Potts. Captain Sterling is aide-de-camp to General McNair, who is on duty in France.

The son born to Lieutenant Newbold Noyes, U. S. A., and his wife, after he sailed for France, is now several months old. The lad is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brett Noyes, of Washington, and of Mr. and

Mrs. Thomas Swing, of New York. Mr. Swing was for some years commander of patients, and his family are as well known and liked here where Mrs. Noyes, then Alexander Swing, made her debut. Mrs. Noyes and the baby are at present in New York with Mr. and Mrs. Swing.

Fondly yours,
 JEAN ELIOT.

GIRLS PREFER RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP TO CANDY

BEAVER MEADOW, Pa., Jan. 3.—The two hundred girls employed in the McGowan silk mills who received a dollar box of candy for Christmas a year ago, informed the management they preferred membership in the Red Cross this time instead. The company willingly complied with their wish.

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